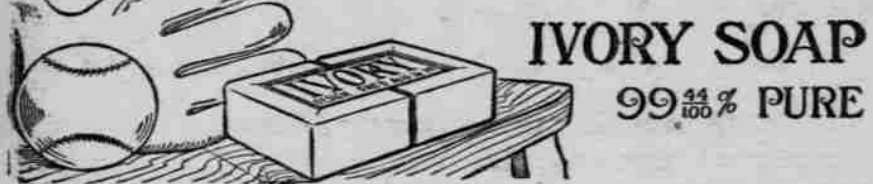




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Western Kansas World

H. S. GIVLER, Pub.

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SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1916

OUR TICKET



For President,
CHARLES E. HUGHES
of New York

For Vice-President,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS
of Indiana

For Governor,
ARTHUR CAPPER
of Topeka

For Congressman, Sixth District,
OTIS E. BENTON
of Oberlin

Union Pacific Time Table.

MOUNTAIN TIME WEST BOUND

157 Local freight.....	8:10 a. m.
155 Through freight.....	10:20 p. m.
103 Passenger.....	8:25 p. m.
169 Passenger.....	1:12 p. m.
119 Passenger.....	2:30 a. m.

EAST BOUND

104 Passenger.....	5:25 a. m.
170 Passenger.....	10:25 a. m.
102 Passenger.....	10:20 p. m.
156 Local freight.....	2:35 p. m.
154 Through freight.....	5:25 a. m.

Mountain time is one hour slower than central time. Wa-Keeney is regular stop for all trains. Through freights do not stop except when necessary to set out or pick up cars. Train 104 will not stop, except for passenger for points east of Salina.

J. E. F. IRIS, Agent.

For Sale or Rent

Northwest quarter, section 17, Twp. 13, range 22, in Trego county, Kansas, 90 acres broke, 28 acres new breaking. Will rent it to be put in wheat and take share or hire the work done. Lars Hansen, Wa-Keeney, Adv. 22 2t.

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Should you or your child need medical or surgical treatment of the eye, ear, nose and throat, or require glasses, or orificial work make a date with Dr. M. J. Jay Brown, (Campbell building), Salina, Kansas, or see him at the Penny Hotel, on Monday, August 7th. Ellis, August 9th.

Agents Wanted—With auto or team to sell the twenty Pruitt Remedies for horses, cattle, hogs and poultry. A. H. Pruitt V. S., Hays, Kansas. Adv. 22.

Smoked meats at Bakers'. adv

Money to loan. See E. D. Wheeler ad

Out of the Dungeon

A Story of Ancient England

By F. A. MITCHEL

Before England became united under one government there were many kings there. These kings ruled little tracts that afterward became counties, and their rulers became nobles. The full regalia of a peer of England includes a coronet, and the fact that these petty kings were in time reduced from royalty to nobility is the reason why the higher British nobles wear a kingly headgear.

The residences of these kings were not called palaces, but castles. They were usually built on an eminence and were surrounded by heavy walls and a moat and the entrance was protected by a drawbridge. The reason for this was that the sovereign of all England had very little power, and in consequence the subkings were usually fighting with each other and needed to live in fortified homes.

Away back in early times when this feudal system was the only English system of laws known there was a king of Gloucester. He had been a powerful sovereign in his day and had won many victories over the neighboring potentates. He and the sovereign of Warwick had been in perpetual warfare and Gloucester had conquered his enemy, who had died, no one knew where, with his wife and child, the latter a boy only a few years old. Afterward one of Warwick's subjects named Conrad led an army against Gloucester's forces and, achieving his independence, made himself king.

In this contest a young man not over twenty-one or twenty-two years old distinguished himself fighting in the ranks of Warwick. He was captured and imprisoned in one of the dungeons under Gloucester castle. There he remained for a long while forgotten.

Meanwhile the new king of Warwick was becoming daily more powerful and his former enemy, Gloucester, was growing old and the number of his armed retainers was diminishing. At last it occurred to Conrad that he might overthrow his neighbor and add his kingdom to his own.

In order to pick a quarrel with Gloucester, Conrad went to Gloucester castle to make upon the old king certain insolent demands that he knew would not be granted. While there he saw the king's daughter, Eleanor, a beautiful girl who had just come to a marriageable age. Upon beholding her he agreed to withdraw his demands provided the king would give him his daughter to wife.

Now, Conrad was not only a bad man, but he was very repulsive physically.

The old king of Gloucester, aware that he no longer possessed the power to resist a strong enemy, knew not what to say to Conrad's proposition.

Eleanor understood her father's position and the terrible alternative before her. Either she must become the wife of her father's enemy or he would be overpowered, and they would meet the fate they had inflicted on the real king of Warwick. She had often heard the story of his fight with his wife and child and regretted that her father had been instrumental in bringing about his fall and the rise of the usurper. And now the latter had come to revenge the man he had driven from his kingdom.

Eleanor had never seen the usurper and before deciding consented to meet him. When he came into her presence he bent his long body on his bony legs, the plume of his hat sweeping the floor, expressing at the same time his admiration in a leer. She could not conceal her disgust. Turning from him, she swept out of the room.

The hot blood mounted to Conrad's cheek. He scowled, half drew his sword, then thrust it back into its scabbard and, stalking out into the courtyard, mounted his horse and, followed by his attendants, rode out through the castle gateway, crossed the drawbridge and went down the declivity.

Nothing remained for the old king of Gloucester but to put his castle in as good a state for defense as possible, arm his retainers and sell his kingdom as dearly as possible. His daughter did what she could to assist in the preparations, but her efforts were confined principally to getting together material that would be needed by the wounded. She knew that there were prisoners in the dungeons below, and she went down there to see if any of them could be persuaded to fight for the king of Gloucester.

A young man, pale from confinement, was led out to her. It was some time before he could see her in the strong light.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I was taken prisoner, I know not how long ago, fighting in the army of Conrad the usurper."

"Why do you call him the usurper?"

"Because there is but one king of Warwick, and he is not on the throne."

"We are to be attacked by this pretended king of Warwick."

"Grant me leave to fight for you, good lady, and I will do so."

"Will you fight for the king of Gloucester?"

"No; for you."

"What is your name?"

"Harold."

At a signal from Eleanor the young man's chains were knocked off him. He was taken up into the castle, where he was washed and fed and armed for a soldier. The next day he met Eleanor hurrying through the courtyard and said to her:

"Good lady, have I your permission to point out to you certain weak points in the castle?"

"You have."

Taking her to a part of the wall he showed her that it was ready to tumble. Then, in the armory, he convinced her that most of the weapons were blunt and certain armor had rusted till it could be punctured with a wooden sword. Leading her here and there, he showed her various imperfections, and she gave orders that they should be made good.

Going to her father, she asked him who was to lead in the defense. He replied that he would command. Then she told him about the released prisoner who had noticed the deficiencies and suggested that he be made second in command since he seemed to have been trained for a soldier and there were no leaders among the defenders of the castle. The king said that he cared not who was second in command, for all must obey his own orders. But it made no difference, he added, who commanded since defeat was inevitable.

When Eleanor told Harold that he would command under her father he said to her:

"Thanks, lady, for an opportunity to crack crowns with this bandy legged, red headed usurper. If we do not knock the circlet off his head and the scepter out of his hand, then I die here in Gloucester castle."

This encouraged Eleanor, though she did not understand what he meant by cracking crowns, nor could she account for his desire to defeat a man in whose ranks he had fought. But she was so intent on saving the kingdom from the enemy that she gave no thought to anything else.

Harold at once took charge of all preparations. In this he was not subject to interference, for the old king was lamenting his fate in his apartment. At last the army of Conrad was seen marching in the valley, and when it reached the bottom of the hill on which Gloucester castle was situated the men encircled it, and it was evident that if they did not take it by storm they would starve the garrison into submission.

The king of Gloucester came out clad in a suit of armor, but it was too heavy for his reduced strength. He stumbled and fell under its weight and was carried back to his room. This gave Harold full control. He gave Eleanor his plan. It was to act so that the invaders would believe that they had only to take their ease for a short time and their enemies would have to surrender for want of provisions. When they seemed most confident Harold would strike.

So he sent a deputation to say that since they had but five days' provisions the men of Gloucester must surrender, and to ask what terms would be granted. Conrad said that he would grant no conditions. The deputation returned in the evening, and Conrad expected to receive a surrender the next day. Till midnight he and his army made the night ring with song and shouting. They had not finished carousing when the castle clock struck 2. Slowly the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge (the chains had been oiled to prevent a rattle) let down, and the little army of Gloucester, led by Harold, silently emerged and, dividing into four bands, bore down from the four points of the compass upon the men of Conrad and with a yell began to stab and hack those who were sober enough to resist them and cut down those who attempted to rise.

Harold had noted the tent of Conrad, and while the usurper, half drunk, was endeavoring to get on his arms the late prisoner raised his sword and brought it down, cleaving his enemy's shoulder. Conrad was felled by the blow, and Harold, standing over him with raised sword, said:

"I am Harold, king of Warwick, come to avenge the death of my father. I came from exile and without being known joined your retainers as they were setting out to fight my father's old enemy of Gloucester. I came to watch my opportunity for vengeance on you. It has come."

When Conrad was killed his army was fleeing down the hill. As soon as they heard that their leader was dead they gave up all hope of getting safely back to Warwick and expected to pass the rest of their lives in the dungeons of Gloucester. In the morning Harold rode down to them and, calling them together, announced himself as their legitimate king. Conrad had been hated by them, and they received Harold's announcement with joy.

Harold bade them re-establish their camp and promised to lead them to Warwick. Then he rode back to Gloucester castle.

He found great joy there, even to the old king, who had got up from his bed and come out to the courtyard to welcome and thank his deliverer. But Harold, ignoring him, dismounted and, kneeling at Eleanor's feet, said:

"Good lady, I told you I would fight for you and not for the enemy of my father, for I am king of Warwick, who as a child was spirited away to prevent my being murdered by this infamous usurper."

"The enemy between our houses," replied Eleanor, "is ended by this splendid defense of yours."

And leading him to her father she effected a reconciliation.

The reconciliation was cemented by the marriage of King Harold and the Princess Eleanor. But that was many centuries ago. The house of Warwick still occupies Warwick castle, but the lineage has often changed since the period of this story.

Mr. Patterson's Surprise

By ETHEL HOLMES

Patterson was going home one night from his club. On passing a house standing alone and well back from the street he saw the flash of a dark lantern in the back yard. It was instantaneous, but it was enough to suggest to him that he had hit upon a job of housebreaking. He enconced himself behind a tree-box and watched. The flash was repeated, and this time he saw by it a man opening a window with a jimmy. The man holding the lantern was in darkness. The man with the jimmy, having made an opening for himself, clambered in, and all was dark again.

At that moment a policeman entered the grounds where the robbery was being committed. He made no sound in his rubber boots, which added to the midnight uncanny flavor of the proceeding. The cop disappeared toward the rear. Patterson's curiosity was aroused. He wanted to see the result. Following the policeman, he entered the yard and concealed himself behind a bush. Occasionally there were flashes of light, some of them very brilliant, which indicated that there were a number of burglars or policemen, probably the latter. Patterson concluded that the cops were surrounding the house. He surmised that he would be one of the cordon and would be in at the capture. What puzzled him were the occasional flashes of brilliant light. Surely the cops would not have used such illumination unless they had their prey secure.

Patterson advanced toward the house and at one of the bright flashes saw that he was one of the ring of policemen that was surrounding the house. But the flash was so brief that he had not time to notice how the city's guardians looked upon a civilian joining in with them in a duty. Suddenly the house was illuminated. Evidently the police had cornered the burglars, and there was no further occasion to work in the dark. Patterson was standing near a door opening on to a side porch. A girl in night clothes stood in the hall, looking very much frightened and apparently not knowing which way to turn. Then seeing Patterson she ran to him and threw herself into his arms.

Patterson stood dumfounded for a moment; then surmising that there was a light in the house between the police and the burglars, and if so it was no place for a woman in night clothes, picked up the girl and started for the street. He had no difficulty in finding his way, for he was moving in an intense light.

"Put me down," said the girl sharply when they reached the sidewalk. Patterson obeyed. The girl opened the gate and ran like a deer back to the house. He could not see what she did when she reached it, for the bright light being shut off made the darkness darker.

"By gum!" exclaimed Patterson. "I've heard of horses running into a burning stable, but never have I dreamed of a girl so crazed as to run into a building where robbers were disputing with the police!"

He was about to retrace his steps that he might see the end of the affair when a man came from the house to where he was standing. Patterson judged from his appearance that he was neither a cop nor a burglar. He was evidently looking for some one. Patterson, who was standing in shadow, slipped out into the light. As soon as the man saw him he said gruffly:

"Oh, here you are, are you? You're the man who has been interfering in what doesn't concern you. Move on."

"I should like to know," Patterson was beginning, but the man gave him a push, and Patterson, who was not fond of fighting to have his own way, concluded that he had better go home. On reaching his room he lighted a cigarette and, throwing himself on to a lounge, gave himself up to going over the strange adventure. He could not make head or tail of it.

Not long after that Patterson and his girl were at the movies. Patterson was a well and his girl a high stepper. The performance was sensational. In one of the productions Patterson saw a flash picture of a burglar opening a window. It seemed familiar to him. The next thing he knew there he was on the screen carrying a girl in her nightclothes in his arms. Then he and the girl were given in a close up picture. The expression on his face in the photograph was such as to set the audience laughing. The expression on her face was one of horror. A few minutes later Patterson's girl arose and swept out of the theater. He followed her and attempted to get into the carriage with her, but she slammed the door, and the driver started up the horses.

So many emotions conflicted in Patterson's brain that for awhile he failed to get on to an explanation of his being the hero of a moving picture play. But gradually the matter became clear in his brain. He had evidently got into the field of the camera ahead of the man that was to have played the part, and perhaps the fellow, seeing his place taken, had held back. Whether the girl thought him the right man to carry her away or made a virtue of necessity was a question.

Patterson's girl, on seeing him a movie actor, had supposed he had deceived her as to his calling; hence her indignation. Patterson spent a month trying to get an interview with her and another month persuading her to believe his story. However, he made it up with her at last.

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